

# Essex County Herald

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## Peeping Flowers.

The snow is melting in the sun,  
The swollen streams excited run,  
And clamor through the pathways down,  
As if from winter flying.

A bird twit twits upon the tree,  
The sun doth shine so merrily,  
Yet darest not raise its song so free,  
Not knowing winter's dying.

Soon shall the lark exalt his wing,  
The outspread heavens expand, and sing,  
Thus grateful, joyous, greet the spring,  
For early flowers are peeping.

Their eyes are peeping from the bed,  
Where erst the parent flowers were shed,  
Where they had bled and blossomed  
Mid dust ancestral sleeping.

The spring flowers are like young morn,  
With hues no older spring could adorn,  
Thus Nature's pencil doth adorn  
The earth's unchanging beauty.

Thus seasons come, thus seasons go,  
To partial judgment, bliss and woe,  
But ever, justice, blessings flow  
Creation knows its duty.

## THE ATTIC LODGER.

The tailor lived on the second floor and did his best to make his living for his wife and four children. Dismal stairs the small tobaccoist lived in a state of perpetual anxiety about the tailor's rent, which he generally gave up piecemeal and with groans, as people give up their teeth, not because he did not wish to pay all his bills but because of shortness of funds, common to many people.

Up in the attic lived a single lodger, of whom no one knew anything. His name was Smith, but what did that tell when it was so common. He was lean and had hollow cheeks and anxious eyes. What his business was or if he had any no one knew. Perhaps he wore stockings. The poor apothecary of "Romeo and Juliet" put him in mind of his attic lodger, when being presented with tickets by a theatrical lodger, he went to spend an evening with Shakespeare.

"He ain't like it in the face, though," thought Mrs. Tobaccoist; "his clothes fit too good for Mr. Smith, that's all." It was an acute remark. Mr. Smith's clothes did fit him too good, inasmuch as they were a few sizes too small for him. As for business he seemed to have none. At noon, he went out for a loaf of bread and a pitcher of beer. At twelve o'clock he disappeared, till midnight, when he let himself in with a latch-key and went to bed without a candle.

"And for all he told anybody about himself," said the tobaccoist's wife, "he might have been a ghost." "But he's civil spoken," said the tailor's wife, to whom he always said, "Excuse me, ma'am," when he found her about the staircase, in a puddle of soap and water, which always made the black boards blacker than before, and was obliged to wade through the flood with bread and beer. And the tailor's wife, who had lived at service in her youth, even ventured to hint to her husband that she thought Mr. Smith a gentleman. However, this fancy the tailor crushed with a curse. "Gentlemen don't wear any such coat as that, Sally."

Poor little tailor, he sat cross-legged on his board and stitched, and measured men by their coats. If he had measured or even mended more coats it would have been better for him and his brood. Time seemed to grow worse, custom less, the money harder to get. When the little man read in his morning paper of men who shot themselves or took landladies he wondered whether they had four children with hearty appetites and a prospect of having nothing to eat for several days. No thought of killing himself; besides he had been told by a clergyman that suicide was wicked—but he couldn't help thinking. And the civil lodger in the attic, how did he fare? One night when Sally, who had been mending and ironing and patching the family rags all day, was economically using up the fire by cooking a loaf of bread in the stove oven, she heard the lodger coming in. He went up stairs and paced the floor; he came out on the entry and creaked the stairs. He seemed as restless as a caged tiger, and he behaved so for three nights, instead of retiring at once, as the tailor's family knew he generally did by the creaking and snapping of his bedstead.

"What can all him?" said Sally, as she took her bread out of the oven and pricked it with a straw, finding it done. "What can all him? I hope he ain't sick or nothing—he is so civil, poor, dear."

Then Sally listened again. "I declare! he's coming down," she said. He must be sick, and there he is knocking—law!"

Then she opened the door. The lid of the stove was off, and the red light flashed on a hungry face, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. The gaunt hand stretched itself out, and a voice said faintly:

"Madame, I know you have a kind heart. I am so hungry. Its three days since I ate anything, and I—don't want to die."

"Law! I should think not," said the woman. "Why, law me, I'm so sorry! And I suppose you can't get a job? Law, why, do take it. I ain't got nothing else. You see we are pretty poor ourselves—and there, oh law!" She was trembling, she did not know why. She was thinking to herself: "It's like a play. It makes me want to cry."

Then he took the warm bread she had given him in his hands, tearing bits from it and eating it.

"I didn't thank you," he said. "Thank you! Thank you!" and went away.

To be out of a job and to be hungry were no rare things and no tragic things in her experience; but this man had stirred her soul, somehow frightened her, and she said, "I hadn't any business to give away a loaf of bread; but there, now, I couldn't help it."

There was more bread to make next day, and I am not sure but that she made an extra loaf, in expectation of another call from her neighbor; but he

did not come, and in the course of time Sally had enough to think of without leaving her own room. Matters did not prosper with the family. Little Lena had the scarlet fever and lay for a long time at death's door, and the work with which the mother helped to fill the family purse was necessarily neglected, and her customers grew angry and left her.

Then the baby died. Poor little baby! The mother wept bitterly. The father also longed to weep, although children were expensive luxuries in that poor household. Finally the last affliction fell upon the tailor—a felon on his right thumb.

There was an end to it all, it seemed to both. Nothing but the hospital and the almshouse before them. The rent was quite unpaid at last, and the tobaccoist was in a fury. He called to give him warning and piece of his mind. On the morrow out he should go, neck and crop. The tailor said nothing. The wife, woman-like, had her word.

"Where shall we go?" she asked. "We haven't a penny in the world." "It is nothing to me where you go," said the landlord, "so that I get you out of my rooms. I want them for honest people."

"We're unfortunate, but we never mean to be dishonest," cried the wife. Then her husband, in an angry mood, bade her hold her tongue.

"It's all the same," he said; "we will go to-morrow. And now you go, Mr. Landlord."

Then they were left alone, bemoaning their hard fate. There was absolutely nothing to eat in the house.

Sally looked at her empty flour barrel, at her wretched family, and then burst into tears.

"It's no use trying any longer," she said. "If the Lord would only take us. That's all I ask."

She put the children to bed and sat down up on a chair drawn by force of habit to the hearth of an empty stove.

Her husband, between pain and anxiety, was less sane than a madman. He paced the floor like a tiger, talking to himself. The bit of tallow candle burned low, the bitter wind rattled the casement, the rain beat against it.

"We shall be out in all that to-morrow," said the man. "We've not a friend in the world."

"We've got one friend, I hope," said the wife.

"Who is he?" asked the tailor. "God," said the woman. "Maybe He'll find a way to help us. We haven't been very bad, Sam."

"Better to have starved before now," said the tailor. "We haven't any particular right to expect miracles, that I know of. Hark! What's that?"

"A knock," said his wife, and, trembling lest her husband should have returned, opened the door. Without stood the tall gaunt figure of the lodger in the attic.

"He's come for some bread," thought the woman, and amidst her own trouble she grieved over the thought of refusing his appeal.

He made none, however. This is what he said:

"Madame, a while ago I took the liberty of asking you for bread. Allow me to return the loaf with thanks."

So he vanished. A whole fresh loaf lay in the woman's hand. She carried it in.

"This is more than I expected," she said. "You see God is good."

She lifted the side of the candlestick a little. The light flared up.

"Now, mother," cried a child's voice from the bed, "I'm hungry."

Sally broke it in two. It parted with singing. She gave a little cry.

It had evidently been parted before and joined together, and from the heart a handful of crumbs had been scooped and in it lay a little white packet.

"It's fairy-bread," cried Sally, remembering some old country legend.

"Look on it before the light goes out," said the tailor.

"God bless it," she opened the packet and found two envelopes. In the one was this note:

MADAME:—Your loaf of bread saved my life. I know you are in trouble, and yesterday my lack turned. To-day I am worth \$50,000, having won a lot that has been pending for years. Please accept the enclosure, and believe me your obedient servant, ARTHUR LONGBOW.

There was a \$500 note in the envelope, and when she saw it she thought herself the happiest woman in Christendom.

The gift was the saving of the family. Sally had cast her bread upon the waters to find it again in very truth. And when the tailor's hand was well again, there was a patron for him who dressed in such a manner that Sam could no longer doubt a gentleman. The attic lodger wears the finest broadcloth now, and the tobaccoist bows low as he meets him on his way out, or sells him choice Havanas over the counter. He sleeps at the door in his carriage, and lodges in the attic no longer; but he never forgot the loaf of bread given him by the tailor's wife when he was starving.

EMPTY CHURCHES.—Speaking of prelates and high sacerdotal effects, a New York correspondent of a Boston paper says that the most popular preachers of this city, except a few sensation men, can not entice their people to hear a second sermon. On Murray Hill there stands a very fashionable church. It has a chime of bells, boys' choir, and full choral service, and a bishop for a rector. The morning congregation is large. One Sunday afternoon the bishop was present in full canonicals; the service was carried through entire, chants, choral singing, sermon, and all. The chancel end was very much the heaviest. The entire congregation consisted of two persons.

A GALLANT CLERK.—A clerk in the Indianapolis Post-office is now in the last stages of drouth, occasioned by his own gallantry in volunteering to lick and adjust postage stamps for the young ladies who came to his window. He is very charming, and Indianapolis is full of good-looking girls, who love dearly to see him run out his tongue and moisten a stamp. The doctor says that unless he can start the sap in his system he is a goner.

## Swindled by Gamblers.

When will men, particularly those ignorant of the ways of gamblers, let those sharper and their tricks alone? We wish we could answer, but cannot. Here is a case from a western city, which shows how easily the green ones bite at the bait thrown them. A young man visiting the city had heard a great deal about the gamblers and roppers, and fancied he would like to tackle some of them. He had always said he knew a thing or two, and now was the time to make it pay.

Of course a gentleman of this kind didn't run very long without meeting the men he was looking for. Besides it so happened that he was the very man they wanted, which made it very cheerful and satisfactory on all sides, and enabled them to glide pleasantly into a little game of twenty-one, without any foolish formalities. Our country boy was accompanied by a couple of friends, who possessed more modesty and a good deal more experience than he, and who tried to convince him that he was running a great risk. But no; twenty-one was his particular game. He knew all about it, and besides there were some wrinkles in that thing—and here he winked in such a meaning way that his friends were instantly restored to cheerfulness.

The game progressed, and at last our cunning gentleman thought he saw where his "winkle" would come in. The dealer being a well-mannered man turned his head an instant to expectorate. Quick as lightning our rural friend tipped up the top card on the deck. It was a five.

When the dealer resumed his position, the other was innocently contemplating his hand. He had a ten and six; that was sixteen; and the five would make him twenty-one. Calling up a dark and fearful frown of rage, and affecting to be overcome with savage disappointment he remarked:

"I've been losing some, and dashed if I don't wish I'd bet \$500."

"Perhaps you've got a natural?" said the dealer, inquiringly.

"No; I want to draw. But I wish I had bet \$500, all the same."

"Well, if you mean to draw, I don't mind letting you change your bet. Any amount you please, sir."

It was hard for our artful gentleman to keep down the grin of fiendish glee which struggled to show itself, but he succeeded. He turned to his companions with a meaning look, and then took out his \$500 and called for a card.

Any one watching the dealer's face as he dealt that card, would have been startled; but the same person, noticing the other's expression as he picked it up, would have been much more than startled. That card was a nine.

## An Experiment that Failed.

I am not sure whether I did right or wrong. I am sure that I meant right. It was in this wise. Believing implicitly that the bending of little human twigs should be accomplished during the early stage of their growth, my intention was to give them a lesson in firmness. Accordingly I filled a box with chestnuts, and placed it within her reach, saying, "Now, Vieve, dear, you must not touch them without my permission."

"Well, den, I dess I'll not," was the reply, while the brown-eyed three-year-old gazed wistfully toward the sweet temptation. I gave her six or eight.

"I say dear little pet, fank, 'oo!" "I went to my work and labored with all the cheerfulness of an inventor who is pretty sure his machine will be a success."

During the afternoon it occurred to my mind that those eight nuts were lasting a remarkable time. Assuming my blindest tone for the occasion, I asked:

"Vieve, have you eaten all your nuts?"

"No, I fink not."

"Come here, darling. Where do you get so many?"

"Oh, I det's them out o' my pottit."

"Well, but here are more than I gave you at first," I said, as I examined the dainty receptacle. "O, Vieve! I have been disobeying me, and getting more out of the box!"

"I spects p'raps I have."

"But are you sure?"

"Yes, I's p'ty sure."

"O dear Vieve," I cried, with the feelings of one who discovers his invention to be a failure, "this makes poor mamma feel so sad. I do not like to punish you, but what must I do? I wish you my little girl obey me. Oh! what shall I do?"

The small sinner looked reflective.

"Well, mamma," she presently said, in solemn tones, "I dess 'oo had better pray."

Believing her suggestion a wise one, embodying about all the wisdom of the entire affair, I acted upon it. Returning to my occupation after our session drinking capacity to an extent which makes one shudder to think of. They commenced to drink water even before eating, taking nearly two quarts before their first meal; so they continued during the day, and when night came, their last labor was to place a huge vessel of water by their bedside, and to fill it brimful with snow and ice. Next morning the bucket was empty.

The Lapp and the Greenlanders, on the other hand, prefer it warm. Both nations keep a large copper kettle, or where such luxuries are still unknown, a ponderous vessel of wood, adorned with bone knobs and hoops, constantly boiling. A large, well-carved spoon is ever ready, and from more than tight the thirsty natives are drinking the nauseous liquid.

FAILURES.—The business failures in the United States for 1872 sum up largely in advance of those of the previous year. The whole number in 1872 was 4,081, and the amount of liabilities \$121,056,000. In 1871 the failures only reached 2,915, and the liabilities \$88,222,000.

Clinton, Iowa, refused to let Mrs. Scott-Siddons read in a church because she is an actress.

## Natural Bridge of Virginia.

J. Parry McCluer writes from Fancy Hill, Va., concerning a phenomenon of the most extraordinary description, and one that is of great interest. He was returning from a visit to a friend with Mr. Poague, when he observed a vapor issuing from some crevices in the western side of the famous Natural Bridge of Virginia, and detected a peculiar odor in the atmosphere. Upon telling their friends of the circumstance, it was suggested that the vapor was simply a mist, and the peculiar odor that of a polecat.

Mr. McCluer, however, had occasion to pass that way four days later, and he found things in a sadly excited condition. Heavy and intensely black clouds, easily seen for a distance of a mile, hung about the spot, and the negroes, who occupied the deserted premises near by, had fled to the hotel in the vicinity. Every one about the hotel seemed greatly frightened, and many were preparing to depart. From below the bridge volumes of deep black smoke were rolling continually except when interrupted by jets of bright flame, which occasionally flared up to a great height. The surface of the ground was warm for some distance around, and was steaming visibly; the peculiar smell he had before noticed was perceptible to all. The rock on the western side of the bridge was cracked by the heat, and large masses had fallen into Cedar Creek. The arch, as well as could be seen at intervals, was still intact, but there was now and then to be heard the crashing sound of a boulder as it dashed into the water below.

At Mr. McCluer's request these facts were laid before Prof. J. L. Campbell, of the Geological Department, who was engaged a number of years ago in the geological survey of the region from the Blue Ridge as far west as the Kanawha coal-fields, during which his attention was attracted to this wonderful structure which gives a name to Rock-bridge County.

He says: "In examining critically the formation, I discovered that the bridge was composed of mountain lime, with large fissures filled with grahamite, which is as well known as a kind of bituminous coal or asphaltum, deposited in seams in formations of this peculiar kind. This grahamite was not, of course, set on fire by any one; such an act would necessarily be impossible as offending against the laws of omnipotent construction. At some distance above high-water mark, I detected sulphurous deposits and traces of metallic oxides."

The action of sulphur on the metallic oxides, even in small quantities, in the presence of water will generate heat to a degree abundantly sufficient to ignite a mass of as combustible a nature as the grahamite. The water, I take it, was supplied by the thawing of the snow and the unprecedented rise of Cedar Creek in the early part of last week.

So I am inclined to consider the cause of this chemical action and do not lean toward attributing it, as suggested by Mr. McCluer, to the action of electricity."

## Crime and Ignorance.

A New York clergyman, in a sermon on crime, said that in his city there are thousands on thousands of persons who have no fixed abiding place, who flit from attic to attic and cellar to cellar; there are thousands more who make crime in some form or other, the business of their lives, and other tens of thousands there are who swarm in tenement houses, and are poor, hard pressed and dependent for daily bread on their small, uncertain earnings, and should more fortune come suddenly be compelled to live on bread and butter. And meantime they behold the glittering display of wealth and luxury all about them and cannot tell why they should not have a share of its comforts. Among these many thousands there are 30,000 homeless children, 60,000 persons above ten years of age who cannot write their names, and in the city prisons last year there were not far from fifty thousand inmates.

The clergyman said that, in looking over the reports of prison associations, of 7,000 criminals in State prisons and penitentiaries of the United States in the year 1868, 28 per cent. could not read when they were convicted, 98 per cent. had never learned a trade, 28 per cent. were of foreign birth (over 60 per cent. were in New York and Boston), 22 per cent. were under age, and 31 per cent. were insane and feeble minded.

And ignorance, idleness, homelessness, orphanage, licentiousness and drunkenness were the sources of at least 90 per cent. of all crime, and helplessness in some form describes the great majority of these causes, as they are negative and preventable.

## Methods of Drinking Water.

The natives of Kamtschatka, when first discovered by Russian sailors, were probably the only nation on earth who drank nothing but water; yet, as if to compensate for this, they enjoyed their one beverage in a manner not dreamed of in civilized countries, carrying their drinking capacity to an extent which makes one shudder to think of. They commenced to drink water even before eating, taking nearly two quarts before their first meal; so they continued during the day, and when night came, their last labor was to place a huge vessel of water by their bedside, and to fill it brimful with snow and ice. Next morning the bucket was empty.

The Lapp and the Greenlanders, on the other hand, prefer it warm. Both nations keep a large copper kettle, or where such luxuries are still unknown, a ponderous vessel of wood, adorned with bone knobs and hoops, constantly boiling. A large, well-carved spoon is ever ready, and from more than tight the thirsty natives are drinking the nauseous liquid.

ACCIDENT.—Chas. M. Barras, who acquired fame as the author of the "Black Crook," and who resides at Coseboh, near Stamford, while returning home from New York, met with a serious, if not a fatal accident. The train was required to stop at a bridge near the station, and he usually got off there. He waited till the train was on the bridge, when he jumped off and fell through, a distance of seventy feet, on rocks below. The train was backed up and Mr. Barras taken to his home.

## Effects of Seasons on the Distribution of Animals and Plants.

As a modern illustration of what may have produced some of the earlier changes in the distribution of organic forms, animal and vegetable, Prof. Shaler makes a communication to *The American Naturalist* upon the effects of extraordinary seasons in the distribution of animals and plants. Speaking of the winter of 1871-72, he remarks that it was one of the driest on record in New England, the rainfall not only being much less than usual, but also coming in such a fashion as to leave the ground very dry during the winter. The snow-fall was slight, and did not lie well upon the ground, so that great portions of the surface were quite unprotected. Under these circumstances the long-continued and steady cold froze the earth to a great depth, the freezing extending as much as five feet below the surface in some places, and being sufficient throughout the whole of New England to involve the roots of the vegetation and the forests. The effects observed were in all probability due not only to the intensity of the cold, but to presumed deficiency of sap in the plants in connection with the low temperature; the roots remaining for some time in contact with relatively dry earth, as the frosts left them, causing a shock too great for their vitality to withstand.

The tree which suffered most was the arbutus-vit, more than half of these having died, and the rest being in a critical condition. The red cedar was likewise a great sufferer, as also the yellow and white pines; indeed, all the conifers in New England have been injured to a greater or less degree. The greatest damage was experienced in sandy soils.

The only change in animal life noticed by Prof. Shaler is the comparative scarcity of snakes, which he considers to be a very decided feature. An interesting point in this connection is the question as to what would have been the effect of carrying the action of the climate a little farther; since, small as the destruction of forest trees is, it will doubtless add seven per cent. to the deciduous trees of New England, and remove an equal number of conifers. The latter appear to be the relics of an old time, and not suited to a successful warfare with the younger and more elastic trees, such as the oaks, beeches, etc. If the shock of the last season had been sufficient to kill off the whole of our pines, a complete change would have taken place in our forests, the vacant places being occupied by deciduous species. This would affect the character of the undergrowth very materially, as well as that of the insect life, and consequently, that of the birds, and mammals. Furthermore, the climate might have been influenced in some measure, for a pine forest retains the snow better than one which loses its leaves in winter, and thus tends to secure a more equable temperature in its neighborhood.

Thus, according to the author, an accidental drought might bring about a change in the vital conditions on the surface of the land as great as those which, when recorded in strata, we accept as indicating distinct geological formations.

How to Manage Runaway Horses.

The New York Times makes these suggestions on the above subject: Always stick to your horses so long as they are fast to the carriage. If a line breaks or the bits give way, step out of the fore end of the carriage, even when the team may be running, take hold of the harness and spring on the back of one of the animals. Once astride of a horse, one can reach forward, grasp his nose, and soon check his speed. When a horse is running toward you, as he comes up, stand so that he will be with in reach as he dashes past; then make calculations to seize the reins near the bits with one hand and to grasp the mane or the top of the hames with the other hand. A man may expect to be carried twenty rods; but if he will hang to the reins a horse will soon stop.

We saw a fine horse running away a few days since, with a wagon and a load of barrels. After passing hundreds of persons who tried in vain to stop him, he sprang to the rear of the wagon as it passed, climbed up among the barrels, went to the forward end, and the lines being on the ground he stepped along on the thills, got on his back and stopped him before he had run one eighth of a mile. The numerous accidents in consequence of horses running away suggest the eminent importance of teaching them the monosyllable, whoa! A horse is never half trained or half educated until he has learned that whoa signifies halt. But, in the first place, the owner must be educated to employ that word at no other time than when it is desirable to have a team stop. When the word is used it let be spoken with a full, open and sound voice.

TOOTHACHE.—A new remedy consists in the employment of injections introduced into the gum near the diseased tooth. Dr. Dop has tried these injections in about one hundred cases. In twelve cases he made use of morphia, which succeeded very well, but only for a time. Chloroform was far more successful, and is now exclusively used by Dr. Dop. It was eminently successful in sixty-two cases out of eighty. The injection is made with the small syringe commonly used in France for subcutaneous injections. Only one drop is put in at a time. The needle is introduced gradually, and must remain *in situ* a few seconds. On withdrawing it, pressure must be exerted on the gum with the finger. In by far the greater number of cases, one injection is quite enough to stop the toothache.

Navigation Cut Off.

The Southwest Pass, one of the three mouths of the Mississippi River, presented lately an extraordinary spectacle. For two years past the dredge-bow *Essex* has managed to keep the mud out of the bar sufficiently to give ingress and egress to the largest vessels. A few days since, however, the ship *Dilharrce*, drawing nineteen feet nine inches of water, was towed from New Orleans down to the Pass, and when a fog was prevailing at the time, the effort was made to get her over the bar, the water covering which was slightly over twenty feet in depth. In attempting to cross, however, the ship's bow struck a lump of mud, and in swinging round her stem struck another, and there she lay completely blocking up the channel, with the mud of the Mississippi settling up against her sides as against a breakwater. A large number of vessels were prevented from getting into the river, and those in could not get out.

The Mississippi Legislature has passed a temperance bill, which is a close copy of the stringent Ohio, and Indiana laws.

## The Story of Two Lovers.

Twenty-six years ago, James Sanderson, a respectable person residing in the Scottish Hebrides, then verging on 40 years, made court to a girl some 16 years of age and was accepted; but a rival much younger interfered, and bore off the prize. This made Sanderson feel revengeful; and the girl's new lover having been engaged in smuggling, Sanderson informed upon him, and he had to leave the islands, to which he never came back. The people were so violent against Sanderson that he, too, was forced to leave, but had married before doing so, his wife being taken to spite his old mistress, who had not got married.

Arriving on the American Pacific coast in safety, he bought a large tract of land a few miles north of Fort Langley, and devoted himself to its agricultural development with so much energy and skill that a few years made him comparatively wealthy. Better than this, however, the new life brought with it such endearment of the woman whom he had wedded without other love than had been able to simulate for her deception, that the increase of their children was his conversion into the fondest of husbands; and when, in 1861, he became a widower, he remained so ten years, when he sent home to a sister in the Hebrides to engage a wife for him. His old love was selected, and said she was willing to go to him whom she had jilted twenty-five years before.

From the time of her second lover's hasty flight under the denunciation of his enemy, the smuggler's sweetheart had never heard of that individual again; and the lapse of time and the increasing burdens of her lowly estate made her much less imperious at forty than she was at sixteen. The wealthy farmer of British Columbia sent her ample means for her outfit and voyage, and the long voyage was accomplished without incident as far as San Francisco. From the latter city she was to proceed up the coast to her destination on a steamer in which a passage was specially secured for her, and while waiting this vessel she was seen and recognized at a hotel by the accepted lover of her youth, who had been in California ever since his untimely departure from Hebrides. There was a dramatic meeting, a long story on either side, and—alas, for the waiting widower—a full revival of the old love.

Both lovers, however, were much sobered by the discipline of mature years; and the lady, having explained by whose wish and means she was in America, declared that she must go onward as she had promised, and fulfill her engagement if it was still exacted. She would faithfully tell all to him who awaited her at the end of her journey, confess that she could never love him now as she had lately thought possible, and abide by his own decision. If he yet claimed her he must be obeyed; if not she would return to San Francisco.

As the story ends with her reappearance in the California city a few days ago, and quiet marriage there to the former smuggler, it may be inferred that the Columbian widower was at once sensible and magnanimous under his last disappointment, and finally proved himself the friend of the woman with whom fate had twice denied him a nearer, dearer relationship.

## The South Wales Strike.

The workmen's side of the question at issue in the great strike in South Wales is thus told by a "Union Agent"—a man speaking for one of the Trades Unions. Being asked why the men struck at all, seeing they had no funds to fall back upon, he replied:

"Well, you see, Sir, the men had three causes—leastwise they had one cause and two reasons—they did not like the ten per cent. reduction and thought it was very unjust; they wanted to get arbitration established here, like 'tis in Staffordshire; and then, again, they thought the ironmasters would give in almost directly, looking at the way in which iron was going up. If it had not been for the colliers I believe we would have got all we wanted; but the colliers angered the masters, and they got 'sulky.' The firemen in South Wales have always been paid too low. Their iron went up from \$22.50 five years ago to \$50 and \$55 in 1872, and all the men got was two advances of 10 per cent. equivalent to 48 cents per ton, while the English and Scotch puddlers have received advances of \$1.25 per ton in the same period. Mr. Crawshaw says as he have advanced the wages of his men 100 per cent; but there is not a man in Cyfarthfa, Sir, that can say he has received such an increase. You see, it is the men in the North of England who have been stirring us up. I have worked up there myself, and a lot of Welshmen have been there. Well, the men round Middlesbrough way, they say 'Why do you work for such low wages? Don't you see your masters can sell iron for less than our by and by and saying you must take lower wages to enable us to make iron cheaper and compete with the Welsh ironmasters.' Yes, Sir, that's true, and so is the cost of materials. Put this down and you'll see. The Welsh ironmasters can make pig iron at \$3.75 a ton. It is the same price for iron from Consett or Middlesbrough costs \$4.25 a ton. There's a gain of \$2.50 a ton to the Welsh master. Now, down in the North we puddlers—I works as a puddler, sir,—get \$3.12 for a ton of common rails; but here at Dowlais, and in all the Welsh works, the puddlers get only \$1.80 a ton at most. That makes a total gain of \$3.75 a ton to our masters, and of course they can cut the others out. 'So much the better for the Welsh trade,' you say. So it is; but not for we. We don't get the benefit. We want to equalize the rate of wages where we can, of course making allowances; and that's why we asked for a ten per cent. advance in last October. It's hard lines that the men should be obliged to accept a reduction."

Legal Expenses.

In the Erie Railroad investigation, a check was told by a "Union Agent"—a man speaking for one of the Trades Unions. Being asked why the men struck at all, seeing they had no funds to fall back upon, he replied:

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